

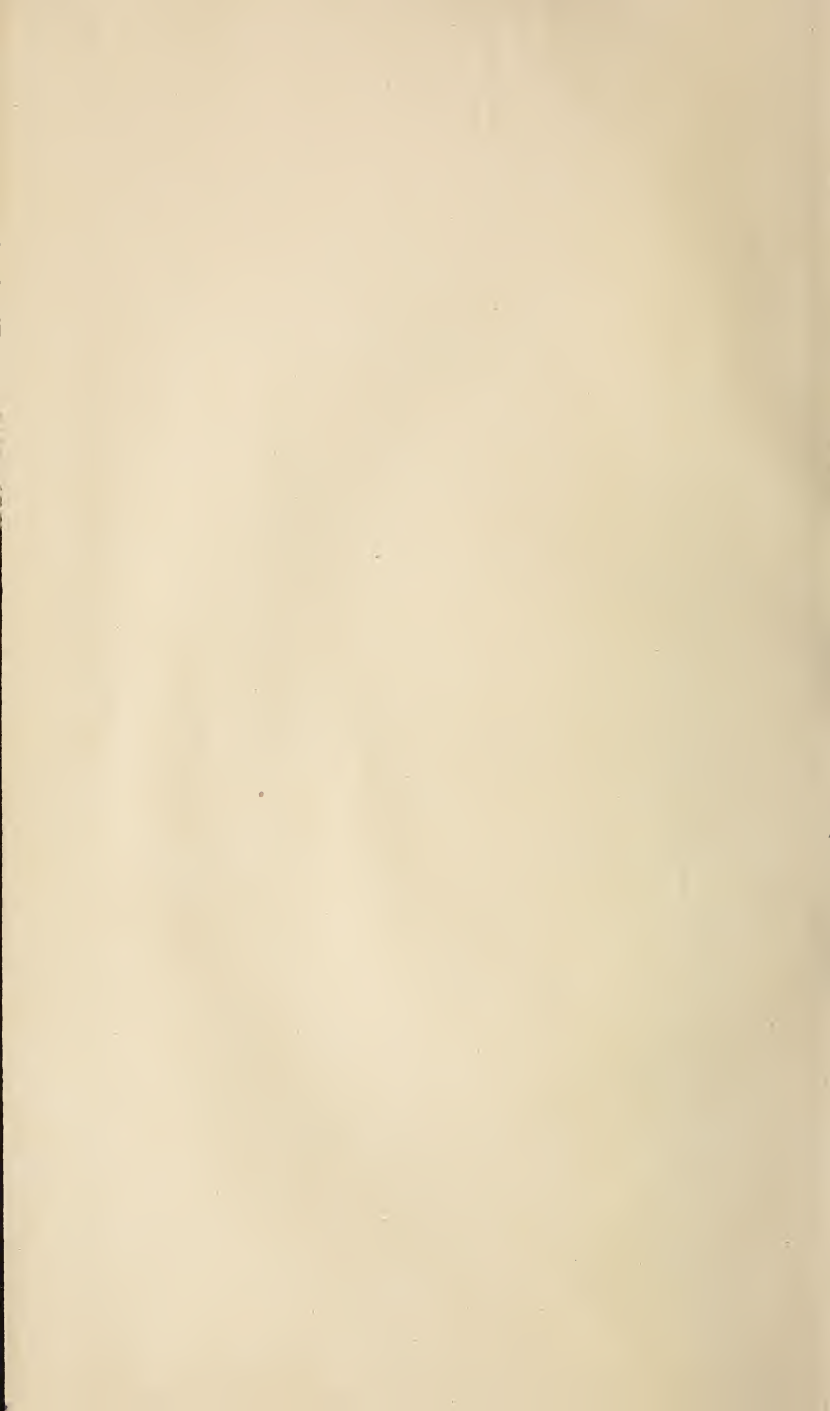
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SERMON

PREACHED IN AUBURN HALL, AUBURN,

SABBATH AFTERNOON, DEC. 11TH, 1859.

BY
REV. SAMUEL N. TUFTS,
PASTOR OF THE AUBURN FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.



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DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, in behalf of your Church and Society, and numerous other persons of this village, ask for publication a copy of your Sermon on “Slavery, and the Death of John Brown,” preached yesterday (Sabbath) afternoon, at the Free Baptist place of worship, in Auburn Hall.

Respectfully yours

PAUL CURTIS,
J. LITTLEFIELD,
JOSEPH W. PERKINS. } PARISH COMMITTEE.

Rev. SAMUEL N. TUFTS, Pastor.

GENTLEMEN :—In consideration of yours of the 12th, a copy of said sermon is at your disposal.

SAMUEL N. TUFTS.

SAMUEL N. TUFTS.

Messrs. P. CURTIS, J. LITTLEFIELD, J. W PERKINS, Committee.



S E R M O N .

JEREMIAH, IX.: 9.—Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

This startling inquiry was raised concerning a people privileged beyond an ordinary degree in that age of the world.

But they had become indifferent to their privileges and reckless of the consequences of their abuse ;—made when they were at ease and crying peace, peace, when God had not spoken it, and when they neither expected nor were prepared for such an intimation.

Had seven thunders uttered their voices, or earth quaked from pole to pole, or stars been riven into fragments, their astonishment could have been no greater.

A nation's doom written upon the wall palsies nerve and muscle, makes regal knees tremble, and courtiers ghastly ; but to hear it in the audible tones of the Almighty is terrible. The text, from the circumstances of its utterance and the gravity of its language, though interrogative in form, is to be regarded as *declaration* of fact,—the expression of a fixed determination ;—as if God had said he would be avenged on such a nation.

To avenge is to contend with and win from,—to obtain recompense for injuries received by the administration of equitable penalties. Thus the guilty were punished, honor vindicated, and justice satisfied.

When God threatens there are no inferences of inability to perform on the one hand, nor power of resistance on the other.

Nor are Divine threatenings made without just cause ; and in this instance, not till moral and religious defection had become fearfully developed. Remonstrances and all possible appliances having failed, God announced his purpose to abbreviate their wickedness in judgments. Opportunities of reconciliation and restitution had passed, and but one alternative remained.

To fall into the hands of an offended God proved no trifling affair. The text was originally addressed to the Jews, and tempered to their circumstances. By a Divine arrangement, the same or similar instrumentalities as then employed, were to be repeated as means of reclaiming the wicked

in the future. By the transfer of the Bible to our hands God warns and threatens us as them.

Whatever was applicable to them is applicable to us under the same or similar circumstances. The greater the light and means of improvement, the greater the responsibility, and more aggravating the sin when committed.

If the lesser sin provokes the vengeance of God, how fearful the prospect of those who commit the greater. When God threatened to be avenged on the Jews, he meant what he said. When he speaks to others through similar channels, and repeats the same threatenings, he means as much and will execute as severely.

His judgments do not clamor for execution with such indecent haste as some modern enactments, but they come none the less surely. If the Jews were not spared the execution of threatened judgments, how shall nations furnished to infinity with the means of usefulness and improvement—social, religious, educational, and otherwise—yet guilty of the same sin, escape? When the lesser sin and nation are punished, how overwhelmingly fearful the punishment and ruin of the greater?

It is through the Bible that God talks with us on moral and religious subjects, and therein he has told us as the Jews, that we are a marked people,—that his eye is open to scrutinize human conduct, and will whet his sword of justice and make inquisition for blood.

A sin of Jewish name is neither more dangerous nor aggravating than the same sin of another name and by another nation, under similar circumstances; so that the announcement of the text to others is by no means insignificant. God is neither less respecter of nations than of persons in matters of equitable responsibility, nor will he be in administering justice.

Then may he well ask, and so ask as to declare, that he will be avenged on such a nation as *this*,—a nation guilty of greater inhumanity and infidelity than the Jews were capable of under the old dispensation. Here, then, is the application of the text to some practical purpose,—to *this* nation, as though God had said, “I will be avenged on the American people,”—*this* nation.

To illustrate and apply the subject is *our* present business.

As already said, this text was addressed originally to the Jewish nations. Now let us consider briefly the offences which provoked its announcement. Infidelity, adultery and oppression were strangely and yet naturally commingled and smelted together to a fearful extent. These three constituted a trinity and unity inseparably connected and was the great prevailing and provoking sin, individual and national. Against these they had been warned by prophets and various Divine manifestations, but to little effect. Established as a model nation in the best land known to man,—favored with the prestige of the greatest and best of living men, and furnished with ample means of development, they were on the highway to

the grandest achievements and the consummation of a glorious mission. For this they had been educated and privileged with divinely appointed institutions. They were to be an example and terror to evil doers. They were cautioned against practicing the evils of which they had complained and often reminded of their condition when in Egypt, and urged to pity the poor stranger, and not oppress him.

Prophets were commanded to set their faces against Pharaoh, and to prophesy against him and all Egypt. It was announced to the world that God had determined to break the arm of the oppressor, and that his face was set against national as well as individual sins, for evil and not for good. These announcements were pregnant with import, and the people advised to be admonished thereby.

God commissioned his prophets to pronounce against *all* the abominations of the people,—to judge Aholah and Aholabah, the sisters of lust and oppression, working wickedness in the land under the mask of religious and political science. Elders and strong men were cautioned against being bribed by their money and entrapped by their snares,—for blood was in their hands, and adultery in their hearts, though piety and science might be in their mouths.

Thus the nation was forewarned and put on its guard, and past examples often cited to make the warning more effectual. Pharaoh and Egypt were held up as names of terror,—the first as the representative of kingly authority, power and oppression; the latter, as the scene of tears, cruelty, hardship and bondage; hence the significance of the judgments, threatened to them, and warnings to the Jews against oppression.

Words of woe, woe, were put into the mouths of prophets, and they were sent out crying woe to the bloody city,—woe to the bloody city whose seam is in the pot;—heralding to the world that nations guilty of treachery and deceit, outrage and oppression, should come to nought,—that great strength and ample resources were no guarantee of success or stability, for of that they would be stripped, and the weaker, despoiled of their rights when in their weakness, would rise up in forthcoming strength and become their most cruel masters, and as they had measured to them, they might expect measurement in return, God informed them repeatedly that he possessed ample resources to avenge himself on nations that practiced oppression and infidelity.

As for the oppressors in the South country, they might expect a political whirlwind from the North that would sweep the land and alarm the people. From that quarter, there would be a power displayed that would revolutionize their social fabric, and make the guilty tremble. Judah, the representative of moral, religious and political power, hitherto regarded weak and despised by politicians and solid men, little even in her own eyes, would become a power and prove a terror to Egypt. Hitherto the

butt of ridicule, a target for politicians and scramblers for distinction, her name alone would strike them with consternation; and when evil tidings came their hearts would faint with fear. The great mass would be filled with trouble, disgust and sorrow,—be agitated with fearful expectations, and become tumultuous as the sea disturbed and foaming by counter winds.

The conflict between right and wrong—truth and error—*liberty* and *slavery*, would be severe.

Such would become the condition of the Jews if they persisted in their infidelity, oppressions, the enslavement of the poor, ignorant and weak. They might boast of strength and courage, think themselves heroic and patriotic, yet, like native born Egyptians, they would fear and tremble, and failing to exhibit manfulness and bravery, they would prove the greatest cowards. The rustling leaf would startle a guilty conscience, and the wicked would flee when no man pursued; constantly fearful, ever conscious of crimes and their demerit, their ears would catch at every sound and the mote would become a mountain.

Such a state of society, hatred, revenge, oppression and fearful expectations, becomes like the great seething pot which the prophet saw rise upon the surface,—a great caldron, boiling and foaming with its face of steaming fury toward the north wheene they expected the power to crush them. From this overflowing and Southern boiler, violence had gone forth as a rod of wickedness to ruin and desolation.

Hands wielding this rod embraced iniquity, committed evil and cruelty upon the poor and defenceless, and goaded those who befriended them. They were not satisfied with ordinary spoil. Unlike wild beasts of prey, they were insatiable in their thirst for blood of their own kind. Their own blood, as it coursed in the veins of their children and relatives, they made haste to shed, and thus glutted their appetite in the admixture, half Jew and half Samaritan. Thus violence was in their hand, robbery, adultery, infidelity and oppression in the land,—thus God was grieved through many generations, till his forbearance and long-suffering were powerless to stay his judgments. It was then that he announced that he would be avenged on such a nation, and pour out his fury till their cup was full.

It is not a little remarkable that the Jewish nation resembled and was the type of many subsequent nations, but none had a prototype in that so perfect as our own. What was written of them is as prophecy concerning us, and that ripening into history. Human nature and human governments, in all ages, have been composed of nearly the same materials. Individuals violating the laws of religion and their own physical constitution, mature and come to an early grave. Nations pursuing a similar course, running riot in sin of every name, mature, and burdened with crimes,

come to nought ; and no element so hastens the decay of nations as infidelity and oppression.

The institution of Slavery embraces within its infernal folds nearly every crime and villainy namable by the alphabet of letters. When a nation deliberately establishes such a system, and in defiance of all the remonstrances of humanity, philanthropy, and God's own voice, all united in opposition, the way of destruction is opened, and its fearful end becomes *fatally* near. Then it is that God says he will be avenged, that he will contend with and win from them till they are utterly overthrown.

Most assuredly was he avenged on the ancient Egyptians, as signalized at the Red Sea, and none the less on the Jews and all subsequent nations following their example.

One nation has always been raised up to chastise or ruin another ever since mankind became distributed into clans. As one succeeds another, the same course has been pursued and the same fatality reached. The process of maturing has sometimes been slow, but always sure,—the foundations thereof become sand, the great fabric comes to nought,—the crash is heard far and wide, but is soon forgotten.

Empires and Monarchies become a prey one to the other,—the Assyrian to Medo-Persian and that to Grecian. Greece, in its rapid strides of power and greatness, enlarged her borders, annexed foreign territory, subjugated nations, and multiplied her States to an unprecedented degree and brought into her lap the ease and luxury of other climes till she became a victim to her own policy and was plundered by Rome. Yet Rome, with an infinitude of historic warning before her, pursued the same course, only on a broader and more gigantic scale—aspired to universal dominion, and taxed the energies of her people and her treasures, her legions and armies, to secure this one grand achievement.

She covered the sea with her galley ships of war ; sent her cohorts, guards and legions to intimidate the weaker, and secure alliance for the downfall of the greater. Sacking of cities, plundering the nations, and subjugating the people to slavery, were but different and progressive steps in her maturing process.

It was in these aggressions that Carthage, the former proud mistress of the world, received her fatal blow ; her greatest and most heroic generals humbled and broken ; her cities sacked, and above all, her capital, superb, splendid and extensive, burned, reduced to ashes and smoking ruins after a seventeen days' conflagration, till the nation was destroyed, her power gone. The expansion of Carthage and the oppressions of which she was guilty, hastened her doom.

Rome, inflated with success, pressed on her conquests till vast portions of Asia, Africa, Europe, and other vast regions of country, became parts and parcels of her empire. Ease and luxury, arts and wealth poured into

her lap from every quarter, and millions of foreigners were forced to do her homage. Upon the threshold of empire, she met the difficulty of dissimilarity of people, life, interest, habit, and necessity of different laws and government, and the difficulty also of administering government to a people so diverse ; to nations conquered, annexed and incorporated into a Babel of languages—an empire of one hundred and twenty millions.

Her allies became her foes, and subjugated nations began to contemplate their condition. Her allies and provincials were twice as numerous as her Roman citizens, and her captive slaves equal to all her native born. Representatives from conquered provinces became agents and enemies against the government, and insurrections and civil wars were of frequent occurrence, and were augmented by the corruptions of the court.

Licentiousness of the people in general, and magistrates and officers in particular—the cankering sore of a vast slave population of many millions, and the corruption and mountain weight of the militia—being one to a hundred—all conspired together for forthcoming ruin, and Rome sank to rise no more.

Ancient Lydia, Tyre and other nations might be cited to the same purpose ; all of which pursued a similar course and were neither profited nor warned by the preceding. Faithless and cruel conduct, extension of territory, luxury, ease, abatement of courage and enterprise and inability to execute laws upon foreign territory, were instrumentalities commissioned of God to work out the ruin of wicked and oppressive nations.

The Mamelukes in Egypt were once taken from the shores of the Caspian Sea and sold into slavery ; but as the wheels of fortune revolved, *their* time arrived, and they arose in majesty, took possession of government and exchanged positions with their masters. Had I time, I would speak of St. Domingo and neighboring islands where this same principle has been applied. Insurrections and blood are no strange occurrences. These are but illustrations of God's power and purpose to be avenged on oppressive nations. For his soul hates oppression. " Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as *this* ? " This is the great question for us to ponder. In its application we will consider,

1st. Some things wherein our history resembles the Jewish.

2d. Some of the elements which expose it to a similar result. And

3d. Some of the indications of its approach.

I. Our history resembles the Jewish in the fact that as a nation we sprang from a noble stock. No nation under heaven was ever so richly endowed with intellect and intelligence and the means of useful development, social, civil and religious, nor none so indebted and responsible as this. The stock of the Puritans suffer nothing in comparison with any other nation. Our history resembles the Jewish in that our fathers suffered oppression from their rulers. You remember the hardships and cru-

elties of the Puritans, when England was but half Protestant and ancient laws still in force. You think of Egyptian bondage and deliverance. So think you of the deliverance of our fathers from king and pope. As the Jews were settled in Canaan under the auspices of heaven; so were the Pilgrims upon these American possessions. As the former endured hardships and sufferings as antecedents to settlement and possession, so did the Pilgrims of New England. Under God, both won the victory—overcame their enemies—grew up to great stature and power, with institutions and privileges nowhere else enjoyed.

These are parallel lines, only the latter nation and institutions are almost an infinite improvement upon the former. Both were entrusted with missions for God and humanity with which other nations never were. Religion and human freedom were the results each were to develop and make practical. Both were established as *model* nations, and required to achieve what no other had or could. They were to demonstrate their principles and apply them to human society and government so as to secure their stability. Of their achievements, their retrogrades and defections, I might speak, as intimations of our own, had I time, but Jewish infidelity and oppression have been so freely set forth, I need not pursue the parallel. Apostacy from first principles is characteristic of both and to which the former owes its early grave. As a partial consideration of the same thought, consider,

II. Some of the elements by which we are exposed to a similar result.

Apostacy, that ruinous and fatal word embraces all the elements of a nation's downfall. The most fatal of all are infidelity and oppression, and the former is always connected with the other. Infidelity always precedes oppression. Without that you need not look for slavery or its results. This with its mask of Christianity has done more to undermine our institutions and render unstable our social fabric, than you are prepared to believe. To speak of this was not my object, but its intimation is due as an indication of the encouragement afforded to the vilest system of villainies and most fatal and fearful element of a nation's destruction. Parties and factions, church members and caucus leaders have in effect conspired together to extend and perpetuate slavery—have made paramount *inhuman* enactments, ignored the Bible, and done their utmost to hasten the ruin and wreck of our country, whether so intended or not. Such is the effect, and to deny or attempt to wink it out of sight is utterly vain. These things have been written—are matters of history.

These men have stacked up together Bibles, tracts, whips, chains, handcuffs and all the bloody insignia of cruelty, deaf to wailings and grief, and call themselves Christians. Families are rent and separated, tenderest ties of human hearts trifled with, the image of God placed upon the auction-block, females indecently exposed, and mothers and children sold from

eight to ten dollars per pound, and all their anguish and deathless souls thrown in as gratuity. Thus the Union has been preserved, cemented with blood and tears, and professedly good men furnished with a history from which they can derive little satisfaction. I find no pleasure in such a statement, but like the prophet, I have no license to keep back the truth, however severe and painful. I would to God that priestly robes had never been soiled—that the Christian had always kept the better of the priest—and that by no political intrigues the pulpit had ever been involved. But these things I mention as intimations of that apostacy of which I have spoken. Pertinent to this is the fact which has rendered the American Tract Society, and the Sabbath School Union, those great publishing establishments, so notoriously defective and servile. But upon these I have no time to enlarge.

The great leading idea of the Pilgrims in coming to this country, was religious freedom, and the great motives and purposes of the Revolution, a free country, free thought, free speech, free press, free men, justice, equal rights, and liberty to *all*. Nothing is clearer than our apostacy from first principles. Once the nation was like steel against oppression. It spread out its banner, inscribed “*Liberty and Religion*,”—now, “*Democracy and no Higher Law*.” The principles of the nation are not what they once were, nor are the relations between the States so friendly. Once the asylum of the oppressed, the home of free and brave men; now, the scene of oppressions, cruelties and cowards. Thirty years of Legislation in one direction has made it the by-word of civilization. Thus it has come to pass that by fraud and violence its boundaries are almost antipodal, and its annexations, for one purpose remember, have become measureless, and fearfully great.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, there were only a few thousand square miles of territory which the relics of colonial serfdom begged for burial, and the whole slave population about five hundred thousand. Now, there are about one million square miles blessed with its presence, and four millions of people of mixed blood crushed under the hoof of American Despotism,—the vilest, most cruel and merciless that sun or stars ever looked upon. The slave power is in possession of more than half of the original area of the old Thirteen States, and with the “Dred Scott Decision,” giving it præmption rights, the whole country, from ocean to ocean, from lakes to gulf, is one vast slave plantation. Our siezures and annexations are sufficient for an empire, and in this manner eighteen times as much as the old Thirteen States have been obtained, and two hundred times as much as Massachusetts, and enough of this south of Missouri Compromise line to make thirty States as large as Massachusetts. Thus millions of dollars uncounted have been expended; the weaker plundered and despoiled of their possessions to give expansion to slavery. Mex-

ico and Central America have barely escaped, and time only is requisite to consummate the present design. The valley of the Amazon, with its eighty thousand miles of navigable waters, the islands of the Carribbean and several in the Pacific are in the programme and their seizure regarded as a question of time. Half a continent, and washed by two opposite oceans, is insufficient for the designs of the slave power, and thus it is clamorous for these vast dominions.

Instead of six practical slave states as at first, we have fifteen, and they constitute one vast amphitheater of lust and crime; and this same system they would extend over all the acquired and prospective territories, to an almost limitless extent. Within these State limits the inhabitants thereof raise men, women and children for market as well as for burden.

Virginia, that memorable State, once the home of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and other worthies, men who declared slavery unnatural, a warfare, a crime so glaring that they would never own another slave, and that nation, to endure, must be established upon morality and religion, and that they trembled for their country when they remembered that God is just; yes, this same Virginia by name, the gold having become dim, annually raises a herd of human bodies and souls for sale, to the amount of some ten or fifteen millions of dollars. In 1829 the crop amounted to one and a half millions; in 1836 it increased to *twenty-four* millions; and the number sold from their birth-place and home, torn from families and and friends, was *forty* thousand.

Seven years of severity in the rice swamps and on the sugar plantations in the extreme South sweeps off an entire generation, hence an open market and a repetition of lust and crime. I speak of Virginia because of her present conspicuousness; but other States reap a similar harvest. Such are the conditions of the slave propaganda, clamorous at the Capitol, and mutinous through the South.

This internal piracy is not only infernal, but if in the power of politicians of peculiar stripe, it is to be *perpetual and continental*. Acquired territories are prospective States to be represented by Delegates, Representatives, and Senators at the Capitol. Unused to our language, in alliance with foreign policy, unacquainted with our institutions, with no bond of interest to cement a union and oneness, no sympathy but plunder, *three* of those wild barbarians will be allowed an equal influence in the enactment and administration of laws as *five* of our educated, refined and experienced Statesmen from the Free States. Thus anarchy will follow as cited in the history of Rome. The slave power will secure a fatal preponderance, and free institutions, religious and educational facilities, and *Liberty* itself, will be in jeopardy. With annexion, a vast horde of human depravity and constituency has been secured, incapable of good citizenship. So it was with Rome. Subjugated nations are generally anything but educated

and self-controlling, hence the necessity of expenditures by millions annually and the constant debauchery of a standing army. Old nations were ruled by the military despotism of the slave power, and Roman laws depended upon the militia for execution. The prætorian guard in one age and the standing army in another selected the Dictators and Emperors of Rome. So in this country, the slave power has taken possession of the polls, excluded freemen and filled the ballot-box at pleasure. In some instances these official enactments have been entrusted to foreigners disgorged upon our shores from the prisons of the old world, their jackets scarcely dry from sea fog. At the point of their bayonets the Fugitive Slave bill is enforced,—under their clemency fugitives are returned in hollow, military square to the slave ship at the wharf for reshipment. By their pickets the barricoon court house is guarded, and at their beck, judges and councillors allowed to crawl under chains thrown around it by the bloody hands of a military despotism. This is the power that has broken down the barriers to slavery, and opened to its curse an empire consecrated to freedom. Thus millions of acres uncounted have been prostituted and are becoming drenched in the tears and blood of slaves. Whole States and broader territories are being pressed with the burning foot of the bondman, and millions of slaves, half and quarter bloods, children of their own masters, are driven through fire to torture. A million more there are of these unhappy creatures than all the inhabitants of the nation at the time of the Declaration of Independence.

The inhabitants of the whole country, by special enactment, are transformed into fugitive slave hunters ; no class is exempt ; the minister, the editor, and the whole people, are liable to be put on scent of fugitive manhood with colored and variegated complexion, and sent with yelping hounds, they know not whither. The family circle is stricken down, the Lord's table liable to invasion and its communicants put on the track, altars scattered, Sabbath schools dispersed, and prayer meetings broken up.

Resistance brings down the military despotism of the President; and fines, imprisonments and death follow in quick succession. The gift of a cup of water or morsel of bread to the fleeing, panting and famishing fugitive in the name of a disciple, is punished by a thousand dollar fine and six months imprisonment. To be a Christian and patriot subjects one to the baptism of blood in this Christian land. We have the elements of decay gnawing at the vitals of the nation and the great ventricle may soon loose its life.

Another dangerous element not often considered is the colored race upon this continent. Within a radius of a few hundred miles there are *thirteen* millions or more considering the great experiment of freedom.—Four millions and more are in the United States—more than four millions in Brazil, one and a half million in Spanish Colonies, one million in Hayti,

three hundred thousand in French Colonies, two hundred and fifty in Danish Colonies, one million one hundred and thirty thousand in smaller provinces of South America, besides some forty-five thousand fugitives in Canada. These scattered people are not idle spectators to passing events, though mostly slaves. They are all of one kindred, all crushed and all bound together by one common sympathy. They are a nation of implacable enemies and have set their vigils for opportunities of revenge. Let those victims of despotism become aroused, combined in concert of purpose and action at a favorable time, and there succeeds a terror, a tornado of devastation little less than Tartar or Scandinavian. They lack not for leaders. There are men among them capable of the greatest achievements, results that might challenge a Hannibal or Napoleon to equal, names as terrible as Alaric or Attila, whose pikes would be merciless, and where whose war horse trod would grow neither grass nor wheat. Think not slightly of thirteen millions of pikes and daggers,—of fire and death in such hands, an army driven to desperation by misrule and oppression.—Think of a nation refined in arts and sciences, and boasting of literature and all possible facilities for improvement, exalted in all the achievements and possessions, social, political, religious and material known to man, *ruined*, fire, blood, terror and cruelty sweeping through the towns and cities of the nation, and you have some conception of natural results of elements now at work. Some historian may yet perform the office of a Gibbon and write the “Decline and Fall” of this American Empire, and to annexation and slavery, he will attribute the fatal blow.

Slavery is a warfare against humanity, a creature of force, brute or otherwise, and God has no attributes but what are enlisted on the side of the oppressed, and the result cannot be doubtful. Woe pronounced and executed upon one nation is transmitted to another of similar character with all the fearfulness of the first announcement and then repeated through subsequent ages without variation or abatement, and when the strong become weak and effeminate as they will through ease and luxury, as the result of slavery, and the weak become strong as they always have, the woe will be executed.

This army of more than thirteen millions is increasing three hundred thousand and more annually, and its spirit of hatred and revenge proportionally. The more dollars coined from their blood and tears, the more jewels crystalized from their sorrows, the more fearful the settlement.

Additional to this are the fearful importations of wild savages from the African coast and sold into slavery throughout the South. Two of those wretched creatures were lately on exhibition at an agricultural fair among other live stock and were offered for sale. But of this I have no time to speak; but remember that the practical reopening of the African slave trade, under the implied sanction of the administration, is an element

pregnant with fearfulness to the nation. Other elements there are but too numerous to mention ; yet I would ask you to remember the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which broke down all existing barriers to Slavery, the reign of terror it occasioned in Kansas, the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, the anarchy, tumult, hatred and tragic scenes arising therefrom, more fearful and numerous than my pen can write or name.—These are elements now at work and by which we are exposed to ruin—these and others of kindred nature constitute this nation an empire of blood. Consider

III. Some of the indications of its approach.

Aside from these already intimated they are legion. The signs of the times are fearfully ominous. By external appearances we judge of the maturity of the fruit, and so it is in State and national matters. A fearful looking for judgments or some remarkable occurrence seems to be characteristic of the present. An unusual consciousness of danger and exposure seems to indicate the maturity of something dreadful. The judgments of some are manifested sometimes beforehand and are indirectly acknowledged just and due by fearing and expecting them. When entreaties and arguments are answered by clubs, pistols and dirks, it is not difficult to divine the issue. When nearly thirty millions of people are controlled by less than quarter of a million there is neither equality nor safety, for it is in the multitude of counselors that safety is found. Less than two hundred thousand slaveholders control the government and hold in their hands all the magazines of the nation, and Federal offices are at their disposal.—The great disproportion existing between the ruled and the rulers, may awaken in the minds of the majority a consciousness of latent strength and vitality and bring it into action. Hence the unavoidable conflict, hence the fearful looking for it by the rulers. Nothing but extraordinary measures are deemed safe. Unprecedented measures are employed to extend and perpetuate a system which God and humanity abhor,—the precedents of more auspicious times are set aside,—the Constitution is prostituted to Slavery,—judges, officers of government, at home and abroad are both warped and bribed,—power increased irresponsibly in Federal hands,—the sacrifice of all other interests to Slavery and the desperate efforts on the part of its friends indicate an expectation forth coming of a crisis most disastrous.

As a natural result and a significant indication, free speech is denied and no man can speak against the Southern spur and lash in the South only at his peril. The utterance of words or sentiments in any wise tending to awaken in the minds of slaves any sense of manhood is an offence in Virginia, of fine and imprisonment from three to twenty-one years. Any man from the North without a passport is in danger. Northern book stores in the South and book agents, aside from those sent out by the

American Tract Society of New York, are tolerated only on conditions.—Murderous hands strike down freedom of speech in the halls of legislation, God's own book is forbidden to speak—conscience is made a crime and cotton is both substitute and king. Good men and women suffer penalties for acts of Christian charity and the practical belief that “inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me.” Pulpits are muffled, the press fettered, types scattered when set for freedom, editors and reporters hunted and treated as outlaws. Thus the nominally free are in danger of becoming slaves themselves. Whips are twisted and gags administered, and natural consequences maturing to be developed in conflict. Tyranny is and always has been timid, and only by stratagem and the snap of the whip has it been able to accomplish so much. It trembles at the utterance of manly sentiments; those of the Revolutionary Fathers, have become treasonable and penal offences as prisons and martyrdoms testify. The mail bag is a terror, and letters and publications from the North have been intercepted and burnt in the streets of Southern cities. Barbarism has been and still is practiced upon Northern residents. and no man is safe whose heart is in sympathy with God and humanity.

I could tell you of Thompson, Work and Burr sentenced to twelve years imprisonment in Missouri prison for sympathy with slaves—of Christian women and female teachers, whose offence was instructing slave children to read the Bible, visited with penalties and imprisonments in Virginia—of Drayton reduced to a skeleton in the nation's jail in the District of Columbia—of the martyr Lovejoy, whose press was destroyed and himself shot for his manhood—of a Torrey incarcerated in the State prison of Maryland for sympathy with slaves, and who pined to a skeleton within its damp cell and finally died a martyr in the cause of freedom; and now as latest of all and none the less revengeful and ominous, Southern chivalry has just glutted its thirst for blood in the murder of John Brown.

The great South, generous, noble hearted, heroic and patriotic as we are told, has now clapped the climax of all possible villainy in the sacrifice of that good, though mistaken and insane man. But patriots and friends of freedom will embalm his memory and water his grave with their tears.

The fifteen slaveholding States are now like the great seething pot of prophecy, with its scum leaping into the fire. Its steaming face of fury is towards the North whence they look for vengeance. Consciousness of crimes makes them sensitive to the least display. The falling leaf attracts their attention, excites their fears and they conjure to themselves abandonment by their gods. Fearfulness leads them to the greatest indecencies, and none can be greater or more dishonorable to themselves and their history than recent exposures. They know that their barbarities call for vengeance from some quarter, hence they attempt to guard against it from all. They know that a house divided against itself cannot stand, for

of that their fathers of noble memory told them, though they may never have read it themselves. Their prison house stands on uncertain foundations, earthquake elements are underneath and they feel the undulations, the pent up fires struggling to escape. Within their enclosure a nation is laboring for its birth, struggling for life and liberty, and those throbbings and throes for life cannot be suppressed. As well undertake to close the crater of Vesuvius as to attempt to lull to quiet these aspirations for freedom.

As by no means insignificant, I might cite you to servile insurrections and attempts in that direction, all over the South the last half century and their fearful increase the last decade. Combinations of this character past and present are but presages, and there exists a desperate determination to achieve liberty in some way and time hurries to tell us how. Slaveholders feel the force of these indications and their hearts faint with fear. Hence their cowardice and frantic hallucination, such as "*Romans*" never knew, such as the age of the Revolution knew nothing of nor history recorded.

Consciousness of guilt terrifies the heart, so that the burning of a hay stack appears like the conflagration of a city; sparks from slave cabins like rockets sent up by an hostile enemy; herd in the pasture as an army of invincibles encamped for the night; and the flutter of birds sounds like the clash of arms—the rustling of tree tops as approaching and hostile recruits.

Southern men have boasted of their bravery and heroism and by their boasting have generally secured a victory over the Northern, but John Brown has stripped off the mask and exposed their cowardice. He has revealed to the world what a past age would have been ashamed of. Not only exposed them, but has awakened the nation to its condition and the world to our shame. He has done what the South has always declared abolitionists dare not do—"sacrifice any thing for principle;" but he has done it—put his life in jeopardy, weighed it against the liberty of the slaves. He has also proved to the South the insecurity of slave property. In this he succeeded.

John Brown is a name for history—the cowardly conduct, murderous and revengeful, of Virginia, a scandal, a contempt, a hissing of civilization in all time future, forgetful of the great and good once her praise.

The hero of Kansas and Harper's Ferry memory, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in May, 1800, and was fifty-nine years and seven months of age when the nobility and humanity of chivalrous Virginia severed the brittle thread that bound the grey headed old man to this world.

He was naturally of a religious turn of mind and from his youth revered the Bible as the word of God. He could perceive an emphasis in those passages expressive of sympathy with the bondman, and the duty of

letting the oppressed go free. His mind was early directed to the ministry and during his preparatory studies, his health failed and he was forced to relinquish his purpose. He became an agriculturalist and a man of business. From early life he was always the steadfast friend of the slave and remembered him as bound with him.

To contribute to the establishment of free institutions in Kansas, he became one of its earliest pioneers. He descended from the Puritan stock, his ancestor, Peter Brown, it is said, having crossed the ocean in the May Flower in the year 1620. His grandfather was a hero in the Revolutionary war—his father a soldier in the war of 1812, and then but twelve years old, he sympathized with the soldiers engaged for their country. Hence it was a natural consequence that John Brown should throw himself into the breach and imperil life in behalf of the right. He consecrated himself to the cause of liberty—took with him two of his sons and they were baptized into the same spirit and devoted themselves to the same work. They were honest farmers and would have made homes in Kansas if they could. But you remember the inauguration of ruffian brutality by the military despotism of the slave power, in the hands of the President and Cabinet, and the craven creatures commissioned with the government of the territory. Backed by the Federal government, hordes of villains, indescribable and fiendish, with appearances more repulsive than Gibeonistish poverty, and hearts and purposes more savage than Vandal or Gothic hordes ever were—slaveholding assassins in troops and armies of terror and ruin followed hard upon the heels of honest farmer pioneers and struck their deadly blows against human freedom. New made towns were burnt—crops destroyed—supplies intercepted and confiscated—homes desolated and left in smoking ruins. Families were dispersed—fathers murdered—mothers inhumanly and namelessly abused and murdered—maidens indecently exposed and carried into captivity—jails and prisons of Missouri filled with all ranks, sexes and ages till orphanage and widowhood and worse, settled down upon the embryo state. Appeals to Congress and President availed nothing for their relief, for on the side of the oppressor there was power, but the poor had none to help. In those troubles John Brown had his share to overflowing.—Himself hunted, one son shot by his side, the other hewed to pieces with a slaveholders hatchet, other friends murdered and his property destroyed. Thus he was driven to desperation, and belonging to a family predisposed to insanity, he more easily lost the balance of his mind and was seized with monomania and hallucination of strange admixture. In this event he imagined himself commissioned of God to wield the sword of Jephthah and Gideon and to go forth for the deliverance of his captive brethren.

His life had been devoted to religion and humanity, and ever bore an unexceptionable character; and Gov. Wise is free to admit that he was

the most upright and conscientious man he ever saw. But they had a law and by that law they said he ought to die, and so they hung him. His sympathies had been so strongly enlisted for the oppressed, that his judgment had been warped for some years, but regarded sane till the brutality of the slave power impaired his reason and brought on that bewilderment of mind which has so fearfully stirred up the soothing pot of slavery.

With hallucination in his mind he made a rendezvous in the heart of slave territory and prepared for the execution of his supposed mission.—He planned no servile insurrection nor unprovoked bloody deeds. His enemies do him the justice of exoneration from this charge, and I am not disposed to question their decision. He gathered about him some twenty men and furnished them with arms for defence in case of an attack. He supposed that the slaves at large were nearly ripe for an exodus, and that they would readily congregate about his standard. He expected to be to them a Moses and lead them from bondage to freedom. But in this he was mistaken, and was exposed. He made a *partial* failure, but he startled the whole South and held Virginia two days in dreadful suspense. No twenty men had ever done the like. A frantic Governor and ghastly State officials were put to their wits to devise a plan by which Harper's Ferry could be rescued from his possession and Virginia saved from being conquered by twenty men from the North. State and Federal forces were summoned to the scene of danger and railroads put under embargo to meet the exigencies of the case. After forty-eight hours of fearful duress—after the news of the capture of Harper's Ferry, and the probable devastation of Virginia had reached every intelligent home throughout the North and West, Gov. Wise and the Federal forces compelled the old hero to surrender. Bravery was never more brave than in the defence at Harper's Ferry. But twenty men were unequal to the combined forces of State and nation, and it is no marvel that he became a prisoner. Had he met no foe but Gov. Wise, no opposition but State soldiers, who could divine the issue? But they made him a prisoner, and without precedence, with indecent haste, he was hurried through a mock trial, his wounds still bloody and freely flowing, without time or opportunity to secure counsel, condemned and sentenced to be hung by the neck within about six weeks from the offence.

The great heroic South became excited, fearful of every stranger, and as in revolutionary and Jacobin France they seized upon many on suspicion, and pedlars, beggars, lawyers, gentlemen, reporters and editors were on arrest or in jeopardy the next four weeks. Public highways were hedged up—business suspended, and all attention turned to the capture of Harper's Ferry and the heroism of Brown. State borders were guarded and soldiers crowded into villages and cities till hunger and starvation became a probable question. Evil tidings from the North, as in the prophet's day, made the wicked tremble till phantoms ghastly troubled the whole State.

But December 2nd, 1859, settled the question beyond dispute. And besides that it became a calendar day, ever memorable as a day of revenge and blood—as a day of cowardice, massacre and martyrdom, to be celebrated as anniversary day by the good and humane, in prayers, devotions

and suitable observances as long as the alphabet can spell John Brown and liberty for the bondman.

John Brown is dead. He has left a widow and a broken family to mourn his fatality, but they mourn not alone. Thouands wear crape in their hearts and sack-cloth on their heads for him to-day. He died a martyr—a hero, moral, religious and liberty loving, and his memory is henceforth immortal. The great event has already been signalized by public demonstrations throughout the North and West and thousands of villages and cities have been festooned with sorrow and forebodings. The great heart of the people is moved and it trembles when it remembers that God is just.

To meet martyrdom face to face in our own country and in our own generation, is otherwise and more fearful than the consideration of ancient records. It stirs up the blood of Puritans too long sluggish, and sends it with former vigor through every avenue of soul and body.

The day previous to execution Brown was allowed a four-hours' interview with his wife under surveillance. Through flanks of bristling bayonets she pressed her way to the dungeon to meet him whom she had seen but few times for two years, and not at all for about six months. They met, not in the parlor of the prison as reported, but in the same dark room he had occupied from the first, his feet still in the stocks, galling chains around his ancles. Of that scene—the recognitions, expressions of love and sympathy, sorrowful pleasure, love and fear, my pen fails to write. During that sad and brief interview, the hour of supper arrived and the prison allowance was carried in, and husband and wife sat down to eat together for the last time. Little was eaten for it was a sad and ever memorable supper. As she became depressed with grief, the husband, of whom she says she is proud, attempted to encourage and cheer her spirits that she might bear the blow next day to be struck and of which he was fearless—telling her that hours but few would pass ere his spirit would be released and become her attendant.

He regarded his life a sacrifice none too valuable for the cause and felt persuaded that his death would accomplish more for freedom than his life, and of his own personal welfare was well assured. The interview being abruptly terminated and the two forced to part, hands were again pressed, mutual blessings implored, children remembered and the scene was closed.

The day following presented another scene over which angels might have wept and God become indignant. The farewell of fellow prisoners was taken—friendly hands of misfortune pressed and massive hinges grated as Brown was shut out from their sight.

Calm, resolute and trusting in his God he stepped into a yellow wagon used for truckage, drawn by two white horses—rode upon his own coffin box, guarded by flanks of riflemen on either side till the fatal spot was reached.

With step firm, nerve unmoved, arms lashed behind him, he ascended the scaffold of yellow pine eight feet high and sixteen by ten broad, with the proud flag of Virginia waving by its side, and that of the United States near by. There in the center of a hollow square of one mile in diameter, indecently and uncomfortably clad, surrounded by thousands; many and malicious, hundreds of whom would have gnashed on him with their teeth if they could, he stood the greatest and bravest specimen of true manhood and moral courage of all modern times. Five thousand brave soldiers, from silken locks to seventy years of age, guarded this noble man that no angel power should come to his rescue.

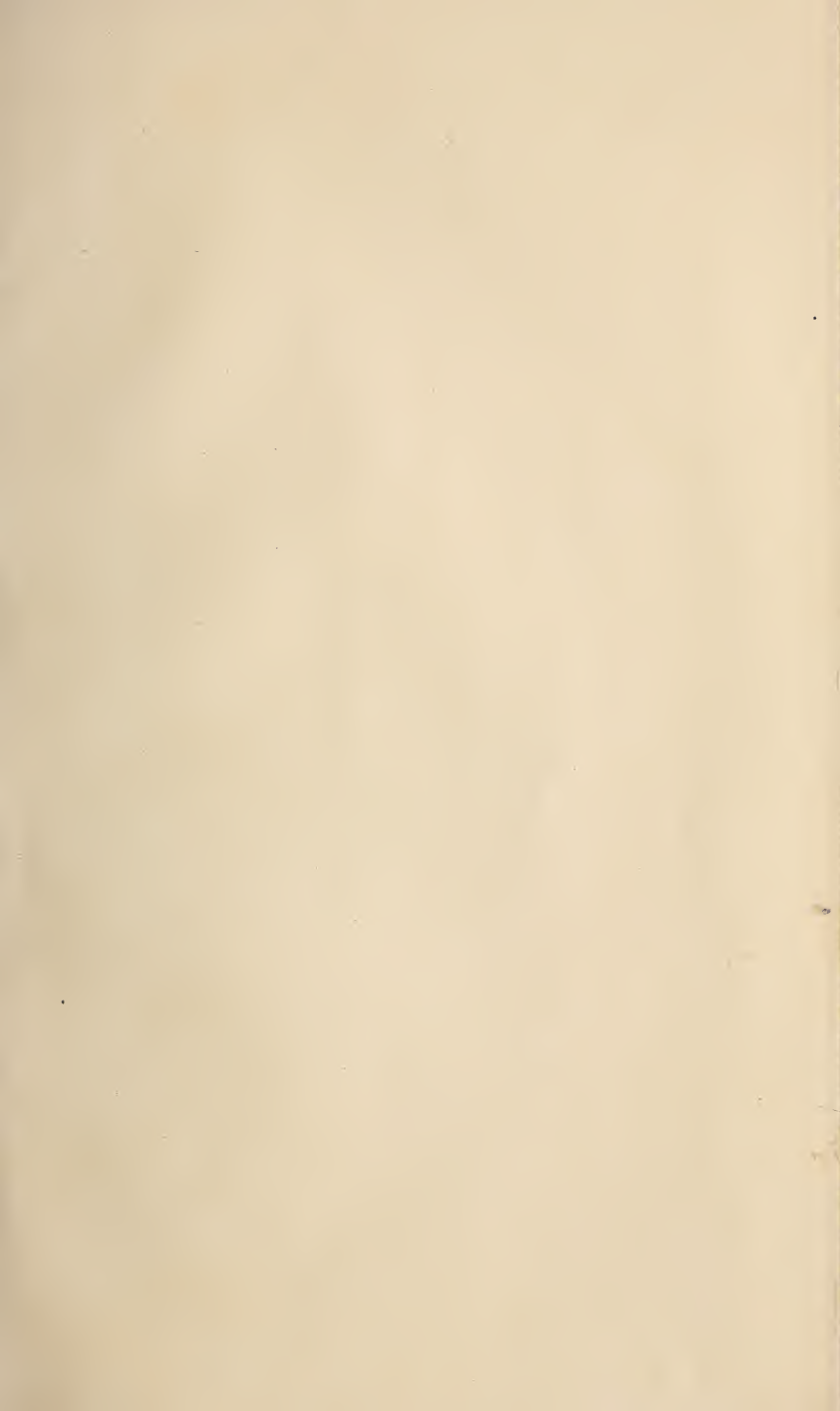
Religious rites were declined on the ground that the prayers of slaveholding clergymen could avail little, and with the refusal expressed his confidence in the prayers of the slave mother, their prevalence with God above all the religious eloquence of the State. The rough cap of fiendish make was drawn over his eyes, and the rope of slave labor adjusted around his neck. Being requested to step forward over the threshold of death, upon the trap, he replied, "You must lead me, I cannot see." Poor man! Being asked if he was tired, after standing so long a public spectacle and to gratify a vitiated desire, he replied, "No, not tired, but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the fatal blow was struck, the trap fell,—a twitch of the hands and muscles of five minutes, and the beating of the pulse for thirty-five minutes, and all was over. In the meantime *twenty-eight* physicians examined his pulse and passed judgment upon him. It reminded me of another scene some eighteen hundred years ago. In either case they brake no bones. His body was begged, as one of old, and boxed for re-shipment to the North. The fatal rope was cut into fragments and the gallows into chips, as mementoes which brave Virginians wished to preserve.

Thus John Brown passed from mortal sight, to be seen no more till God calls him and his murderers to judgment. Of that meeting—that awful scene—my pen is unable to write; only, that State dignitaries, judges and jurors, will then be on trial, with the evidence of worlds against them, and an indescribable and wretched doom before them.

God once told the prophet to write the name of the day, even this same day, and now by his providence demands of me the same,—and it is Friday, the 2d of December, 1859. Thus another Friday is added to the calender of tragic scenes, and John Brown died on the same day his Lord was crucified.

Thus we have followed the good man to his grave and he mingles no more in person with living men, but his spirit is not indifferent to transpiring events; nor are we, and God being our helper, let us resolve, that if need be, we'll go to martyrdom in defence of the right. Peradventure God may yet be merciful, then let the heart be filled with hope, and though the heavens gather blackness and our political sun seems to be going down in darkness and blood, let us remember that the destinies of thirty millions or more hang upon the issue of this great question. Though vengeance mutters from above and from beneath and thousands chant requiems for the martyred dead, let us labor, pray and hope ever that the tramp of freedom may yet be heard around the graves of Lovejoy, of Torrey and of John Brown, that the impending crisis may be averted—the nation saved—the conflict now waging for liberty become victorious till not a slave shall clank his chain in all the land.



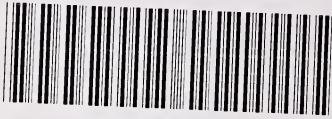
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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